

Posted by u/Lovi2312 8 hours ago 

Never share your rations

 

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This is one of the most well known of rules among the League's multi species ships, and it was also the most broken. The rule was put in place due to both medical reasons and to maximize the use of nutrients amongst the crew, but having plentiful access to nutrients pretty much nullified the latter reason, and even if you did eat the food assigned to another species all that you would get would be mild digestive problems and a few laughs, this was even considered crew bonding by many captains and commanders, that was of course until we received the humans.

This happened around 20 cycles ago, I operated as the supplies inspector aboard the reconnaissance ship ULS Ultimatum when two humans were assigned to our crew, the first and oldest of them was a tall female with skin of a washed brown color and a calm and serious demeanor, the second human was significantly younger, a male of pale skin and blue eyes, all I knew at that time about these two (and about human in general) was what the general report contained: the female was to be a member of engineering, specializing on hyperspace engine management, and the male was simply part of the cleanup crew.

The way that the rations were identified within our ship was through color coded containers that displayed the owner's name on the side in their native language, the colors were meant to describe just how toxic the meal held inside would prove to the rest of the crew: white, which didn't have any adverse effects on any species, yellow, which would grant you discomfort if the meal you consumed wasn't yours, orange, which would make one go running to the lavatory, and red, which would grant you a short trip to the medical bay. I clearly remember a Siscoll swallow half of a red ration belonging to a Zala as a prank to said Zala.

The first day with the humans on board was quite thrilling, it was our first time interacting with them due to their species being a newcomer to the League, while the female seemed to keep mostly to herself, the male seemed to be thriving between other crewmembers, chatting and laughing with them, at some point he defined his newfound friendships as "like a pb&j", when questioned about it he replied that it meant that they really fitted one another, a comparison to a human food, that was what initially drove our curiosity for human food, then he started describing it to us what a "pb&j" was, with many words that put translators couldn't properly process: "bread, boil, bake...", apparently human cuisine was much more developed than we anticipated, most species usually eat their foods unprocessed or dipped in different liquids, when the Siscoll accused him of faking his answer he replied with "Why would I lie to you, you're not that important that I need to impress you.", which, of course, bothered the Siscoll.

When the morning mealtime arrived we discovered something very peculiar, there existed a fifth colour for the ration containers: purple, which basically meant "do not eat", the meals of the humans consisted on a dark brown milk and heavily processed grain units, all of this held within a bright purple box that grabbed the eye. At some point while eating, the male human got up to use the lavatory equipment, so the Siscoll used this opportunity to get back at him, after all, the Siscoll were fairly immune to poison, owning orange rations themselves, I watched as it slithered over to the purple ration and consumed every bit of it, it's friends passing credits to each other, usually what would happen next with a red box for a Siscoll would simply be contractions in their digestive system ejecting the toxic contents off of the body, but not this time, instead the Siscoll started to hyperventilate after a minute of silence as its face got green like their blood, suddenly turning to the sides as if it was being haunted by hallucinations, and finally falling to the floor as all of its muscles spasmed.

We held the funeral 3 standard shifts later, the family was informed after 4, after this event stricter guidelines were put in place to ensure the health and safety of crewmembers, such as genetic locks for the boxes and providing a proper punishment for sharing.

And that, my cadets, is how we learned not to share rations.